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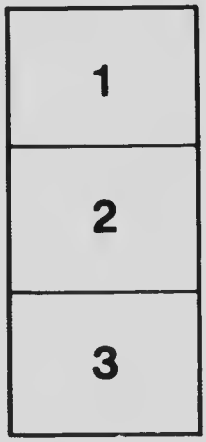

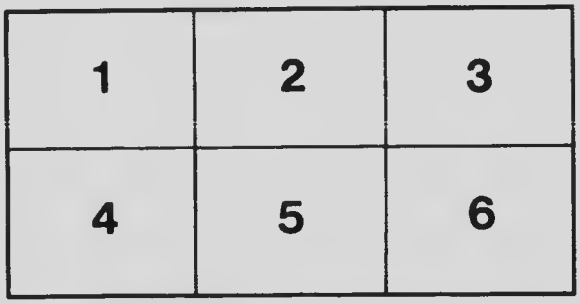

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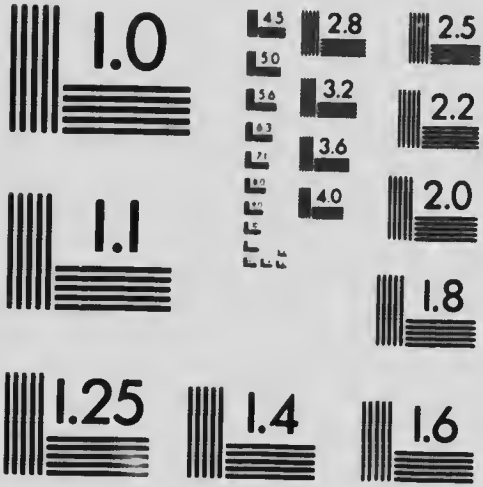

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DAVID BURNS

RANDOM WRITINGS

TO AMUSE MYSELF
AND FRIENDS

BY

DAVID BURNS

BROOKLIN, ONTARIO
1916

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FROM THE PRESS OF
C. A. GOODFELLOW & SON
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RESIDENCE OF THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE

These Random Writings have furnished the author with many an hour of amusement, both in the writing and in the reading to friends and neighbors. Not the slightest claim is made to literary merit; indeed, the very absurdity of ideas and expressions is in many cases their only ground for consideration. So many requests have been made that these Random Writings should be put in print, that I have at length yielded. Hence this little book. If the reading of these pages serves to provoke laughter, or a smile of amusement, on the part of those who know me, my object will have been accomplished.

DAVID BURNS.

Brooklin, November, 1916.

CANADA.

Our own dear native land,
Home of the brave and the free;
The land that brought our fathers forth,
The land that shelters me.

Stretching from the Atlantic wild
To the calm Pacific shore;
From James Bay in the far north
To the fresh water lakes all four.

The land of the prairie and forest,
The land of silver and gold,
The land of contentment and plenty,
The land of wealth untold.

The home of noble women and men,
The home of heroes bold;
The home of the moose and the red deer,
The land that never grows old.

The home of the maple and beaver,
Some call her the "Lady of Snow;"
Old Britannia she ne'er will deceive thee,
But will always be loyal and true.

When that inbred, deformed, crazy Kaiser
Threatened her face to deform;
Canada got closer and closer beside her
To help carry her safe through the storm.

Our people are brave and courageous,
With but one grand aim in view—
To make her one of the nations
That will do what we agree to do.

We are not like the beer-soaked German,
Nor like the unspeakable Turk;
We have not gone mad about learning,
Nor do we carry the dirk.

We are like the red deer on the mountain,
Or the rivers that flow to the sea:
We march on our way unfettered,
Independent, happy and free.

Our country is one of rare beauty
From ocean to ocean's great shore;
Every one, great and small, does his duty,
Like our fathers in the days of yore.

The home of Sir John A. Macdonald,
And other grand statesmen, too,
Whose moves were always right onward
With some noble aim in view—

To unite us as one great people,
And to chain us from shore to shore
With the longest and strongest of railways
And to place the great west at our door.

And there was George Brown, the aggressive,
Who always knew where he stood;
And also Sir Leonard, the passive,
Who was always in bright, happy mood.

And also the great Sir Charles Tupper—
The lion of Nova Scotia, so bold;
He pursued his grand course so nobly
And turned not for silver or gold.

The land of Sam Hughes and of Borden,
Who have a hard task to pursue,
Assisted by Sir Wilfred, the polished,
The silver-tongued orator, too

To destroy, to defeat and demolish
All that are not honest and true,
And forever and ever abolish
The learning-mad Kaiser and his crew.

And also the great Robert Baldwin;
He was rightly named Robert the Good;
And the home of the great Joseph Howe,
Who nearly always knew where he stood.

And also Mackenzie, William Lyon,
So bold, courageous and strong;
He admitted himself when dying
His motives were right if his methods were wrong.

And Sir James Whitney, the firm-footed,
No one had any doubt where he stood;
The weak points of law he uprooted
And replaced them with others so good.

And also one more, so sagacious,
His name was Sir Oliver, the true;
His reasoning was always persuasive,
To Canada he was ever true blue.

Do you remember McGee, the ill-fated;
A true son of Erin's Green Isle;
In oratory he never was mated,
And a poet of no common style.

He stood firm by Sir John Macdonald,
In his noble, grand course to pursue,
To build up and complete Confederation;
Of men renowned he was one of the few.

We are the finest gem in King George's crown,
Our color it is a true blue;
We are the strong spoke in empire's wheel
That will help to carry her through.

Another name we still bring to view
Lest some one may have forgot;
For wisdom and for reason, too,
He overtopped the lot.

He was a noble statesman grand
Who every heart had won;
A father of our native land
Thompson, the great Sir John.

One more still, who worked with a will,
To be sure we have not forgot
A son of the heather, a pure-bred Scott,
He rose, he rose to the highest top notch.

And in his good name he left not a blotch,
A trifle too set to fill a big net;
From one beaten path he never did wander,
We all knew him well, Mackenzie Alexander.

We are the sons of grand, noble sires,
So bold, courageous and strong;
In battle they are fighting like lions
To put right whatever is wrong.

To create, maintain and establish
A constitution both simple and strong,
And forever and ever to publish
That we stand for right against wrong.

CANADA

Land of the birch and the maple,
Of the elm, so proud and so free,
And our famous cedar, so useful,
That will last through ages to be.

And also the little winged songster
That peals out his sweet music with might,
And makes this a land like heaven
At morn, at noon, or at night.

The soil is rich and prolific,
From ocean to ocean's great shore;
Our people are brave and progressive,
Now how can we wish any more.

We move on our course unaided,
Industrious, happy and free;
We pursue our grand course unabated,
O Canada, loved Canada, for me.

Home of gentle mothers and noble sires,
Who came from across the great sea;
They taught us the truth and not to be liars,
In the land of the fair maple tree.

Our climate is salubrious and healthy,
We have the vine and grand apple tree;
We are all contented and wealthy,
No country is greater than we.

We have a noble, good mother,
She lives far across the great sea;
We will not leave her for another;
It's sentiment binds us to thee.

Britannia, Britannia, we love thee—
Policeman and guard of the free;
There are no others above thee,
Britannia and Canada for me.

Our climate is neither too hot nor too cold,
And our banks they are filled with silver and gold;
We have wheat i[illegible] our bins our people to feed,
And everything else that any can need.

Our little winged songster returns in the spring
And very glad news to us he does bring.
We have no German laws our p[illegible]le to squeeze,
Everyone moves with his [illegible]erfect ease.

Our people are bold, courageous and strong,
And we cheer each other with music and song;
We have grand lakes and rivers so long
And the pine, beech and maple so straight and so strong,
And we have the grand noble moose and the little red deer,
They make this a land the hunter to cheer.

We have everything in fact than any can wish.
And our streams and our rivers are teaming
with fish;
Everything in God's world to help us along.
Our women are graceful, and our men they are
strong.
In our bins we have wheat, in our banks we have
money.
It is a land that flows with milk and honey.

RELIGION IN CANADA.

In religion you can do as you please—
You can worship in comfort, you can worship in ease;
You can pray on your feet, or get down on your knees;
We have all the forms ever known on earth.
Some are much good, and some of no worth;
The matter of salvation is entirely free.
You can worship under your own vine and fig tree.

To begin with, the Church of Rome, so conservative and old,
They have no use for dissenters anywhere in the fold;
Every day of the year they know where they are,
Like old Sol in his circuit, or the north polar star;
They know to exist they must be ruled from one head,
For nobody can prosper that by factions is led.

The Presbyterians, they go in for church union;
They are free in preaching and free in communion;

They are broad minded and strong as the year it is long,
And have no fear of uniting with others in song.

And our Baptist people so loyal and true
To the faith of their fathers that has carried them through.

And our Methodist friends, so wide minded and strong,
They are open in preaching, communion and song;
They are wise in their day and generation, too,
For they know that union will carry them through.

And there is our old friend that we call the Jew,
He has no risen Saviour to carry him through:
The Unitarian, he don't accept Christ for his Saviour at all,
And the Universalists are saved, every one great and small.

And then there's the Anglicans, so loyal and true,
To their King and country they are true blue:
They had better join the unionists if they expect to exist
And be ranked as progressive in that grand, noble list.

There are next the Doukhobors,to their faith they
are true.
They believe in economy to carry them through.
They have no need of clothing to keep them warm
From the piercing bitter winds, or the coldest
north storm.

Next the wide minded Mormon, like Solomon of
old
He has lots of wives and silver and gold.

Then the Salvation Army, great good they have
done.
They have sheltered the outcast who to vile-
ness had run.

Then we have the Mennonites, Adventists and
Quakers,
And another strong sect called the church for-
sakers.
They have no use for religious instruction their
dark life to cheer,
For all they ever will get will be at their own
funeral and over their bier.

Now comes Billy Sunday, who prays to the Devil.
And some think that his head is not very level.
You can worship in silence and worship alone;

You can shout, you can yell, you can grunt, you
can groan;
And just for a change, or for a refrain,
Some say, "Pra'se the Lord, hallelujah, amen."

MARRIAGE IN CANADA.

Now in marriage you can make it all right,
For a lover in youth, and a ruler in life;
You can have one black or you can have one
white
For your own dear husband or your dear loving
wife.

Now the parson to the woman will say,
This man is your husband, you will him obey;
You will do all he tells you every day of your life,
For this is the duty of a good loving wife.

The lord of creation he now takes the stand,
He is dressed like a Christmas tree, so gay and
so grand;
He now says that this woman I will cherish and
love,
This vow I will make before the great God above.

It is harder to say I will obey than to love,
Before the great God who rules up above;
There is nothing that a man would rather do
Than to love a pretty woman who knows how to
love too.

When you tell a young woman who has had her
own way,
That any man on God's earth she must obey:
You are asking a favor that she never will give,
If one hundred years on this earth she does live.

The promise to obey is the promise of a fool,
For neither of the two has any right to rule;
To work together is the very best plan,
For there are few women who will obey a man.

When the Apostle Paul said a woman must obey,
He was surely thinking of one who had never
had her way;
For a woman to submit to some man's rule
Would simply be obeying a first-class fool.

Now when you are married for better or for
worse,
You must go to the States if you want a divorce;
To be joined together and never do well,
Is the right road to no place or the straight road
to hell.

A LITTLE BIT OF HEATHER.

It's just a little bit of heather
That you have sent to me,
It makes me think of happy days
We spent across the sea.

It makes me think of the old home
Where you and I were born,
The land that gave our fathers birth,
From it we have been torn.

O precious were those bygone days
When we ran about together,
And, happy in our childish ways,
We roamed upon the heather.

But O, since then how things have changed,
And marked them on my brow;
I'm thinking still of thee, Scotland,
I'm thinking of thee now.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

Now men of Canada, both great and small,
Do you not hear the bugle's sincere, earnest call,
To rally to the front as fast as you can
And declare to the world that you are a brave,
honest man.

It is the call of that grand old nation
That has fostered and carried us through;
We will never sever that relat'on,
And we will always be loyal and true.

It is the call of old Britannia,
The policeman and guard of the sea;
The land that gave our father's birth,
The land that shelters me.

Sons of those who fought at Lundy's Lane
And broke the enemy's will,
And those who were at Batoche's fight,
Or won at Cut-Knife hill.

It is the spirit of our fathers working in us still,
As it was in the days of yore;
Who were in the charge of the Light Brigade,
And many battles more.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

The heroes who drove the Bulgars
And the Germans from the plain,
Who distinguished themselves at Langemarck,
And won at the battle of the Aisne.

Now rise in your might, ye sons of the Gordons,
Who took the Darghai pass;
And drive the devil right into Berlin
Who threw the infernal gas.

And grand old France has been calling,
But she has not been calling in vain,
For at Verdun they fought like lions
To help to recover Alsace and Lorraine.

And also little Belgium, broken-hearted,
Weeping for her wounded and slain,
She has been calling, and calling, and calling
And she has not called in vain.

Every one, every one in my fair native land,
Will please hear my order and obey my command,
For I want it understood right good and clear,
That it is King George who is calling, and I want you to hear.

Do you not know that Belgium is down on her knees,
Praying that we come to her aid;
That from the d———d Germans we may her release,
And for our trouble we will be well paid.

Little Serbia is crushed right down and sad,
By those blackguards who have gone Kultur mad;
Her women and children are weeping and slain,
And praying for Britain to relieve them again.

Now come every one as quick as you can,
Every one who has in him the spark of a man,
For it is Victoria's grandson who gives the command
To my sons in Canada—that grand, noble land.

Now every one who is fit as a man
Sons of those who fought at old Inkerman;
Who fought at the Alma and old Waterloo,
Come along and drive the devils right through.

Who tampers with the shamrock, thistle and rose,
Down into oblivion most surely he goes,
For Sir Douglas Haig is now in command,
Not long before him such braggarts can stand.

Now the last great call is from the boys in the trenches,
Who have done so glorious, so grand and so well,
To help defeat the most hellish of monsters,
Who murdered Capt. Fryatt and Edith Cavell.

EVERYDAY PROVERBS.

As time goes on and changes come,
The reaper, Death, is never done;
Still we all march on like a lion bold,
Some are warm-hearted, and some rather cold.

Some go to school to learn a rule,
That through this world they may pass;
One may go in a fool and come out a mule,
And another come out an ass.

Some wend their way through time or space,
And they are always doing well;
And others always in disgrace
Or on the road to hell.

Now do not mind another's whim,
But do just as you please;
Roll up your sleeves and jam right in—
Suppose you have to squeeze.

Some run their race at breakneck pace
And others run it slow;
And some are on the road to nopace
As straight as they can go.

To some, if you dance a step or two
You are on the crooked path,
And if they see you move your feet
They soon increase their wrath.

Now march right on and do what's right,
And fear not friend or foe,
And sow the seeds of noble deeds,
As on your way you go.

Mankind, they are a funny lot,
And hard to understand;
I care not where you meet them,
They are queer on every hand.

When you meet a stranger
At home or on the road,
Don't be afraid to say good day,
And help him with his load.

When you become another's slave
You are on the downward path;
O then you are a silly knave,
And a first-class fool at that.

Mankind they are a funny lot,
And little to be trusted;
And if you mind what others say
You will often be disgusted.

Then onward move with steady step.
Have one grand aim in view;
Stand for the right with all your might,
And your onward course pursue.

Some people you can never please
No matter what you do,
Stand on your head, or get on your knees,
To them all things are blue.

Now onward, onward push your way,
Just like a lion bold,
And never from the right do stray,
For silver or for gold.

Some people always have a smile
No matter where you meet,
It may be in their own home
Or out upon the street.

And others look as black as hell
No matter what you do;
To them I always say farewell,
And bid a fair adieu.

Some boast about their pedigree—
They have the longest on earth—
And run you out a family tree
Of grand and noble birth.

Now do not mind such foolish pride
But march right on your way;
For they are only mongrel bred,
I care not what they say.

And if you want dame fortune's smile,
Day by day attend her,
And work when it is worth your while
Always to defend her.

You cannot have a driver nice
If you use a mule,
Nor can you make a wise man
Out of a first-class fool.

One may make a wise man
And never go to school;
Another may be college bred,
And simply be a fool.

If you want to get rich quick,
A beggar never chase;
For you will only waste your time,
And run a losing race.

The ladies they wear high heels
Upon their little shoes,
It gives them a graceful step
As they walk upon their toes.

O, say, ain't we a funny bunch,
    I have told you that before;
Like birds that migrate to and fro
    As in the days of yore.

Do you think it's any wonder
    The way that we are bred,
If we leave the path of virtue
    And choose the wrong instead.

For Cain he was a murderer,
    And a first-class one, too;
For he killed his brother Abel—
    One morning he him slew.

If a neighbor meets you and
    Appears concerned about your soul;
Don't think he's surely honest,
    For he may be just a fool.

And if you have a deal with him,
    You had better watch him well,
Or he will rob you of your eye teeth,
    Or I the truth don't tell.

One may never speak a word,
    And be a Christian true;
And another may shout, "Hallelujah, amen,"
    And his name be shady, too.

And there is another class
A little queerer still,
And if you take a glass, my boys,
You are sure to go to hell.

Just get them on some dark night
And give them a drink or two;
Then they will tell all they have done,
Some black as well as blue.

Now here is another kind
You had better keep in view,
For everything you say or do
They are sure to misconstrue.

When down the hill of chance you go
For things of little use;
That's the right road to noplace,
On high heeled boots or shoes.

We send our money to the Chinese,
To change the heathens' way,
Then when they want to live with us,
We will not let them stay.

Some are always in distress,
In trouble and dismay;
Some day soon they will die, I guess
And pursue their heavenly way.

And others are always happy
And in a pleasant mood,
They have a smile for everyone,
And always are doing good.

You never can convert them
For they have no change to make;
For they are changed already,
Whatever course they take.

Some need not die to go to hell,
For they get it as they go;
For their very clothes of brimstone smell
As they go to and fro.

One man may make a lawyer,
Another make a groom,
And another make a clergyman
To tell us of our doom.

Now march right on and do what's right—
And fear not friend or foe,
And sow the seeds of noble deeds
As onward we do go.

Now you have got my sound advice
But do just as you please;
Just take off your coat and crowd right in
And do it all with ease.

THE KAISER.

When we think of one who is noble and grand
We think of one who is true,
We think of one who takes a firm stand
And whose color it is a true blue.

Now one of this kind you never will find
In the subject described below;
It will take you a while to find one so vile,
I care not where you may go.

Like Napoleon of old, right good and bold,
He tried this world to conquer and rule;
He will have something to do before he gets through,
And will find that he has turned out a fool.

If you want a blackguard of uncommon fame,
In Germany you'll find him, and the Kaiser's his name;
For everything devilish he stands on the top,
An empty-headed villain, a ready-made fop.

If you want to kill him and be sure he is dead,
It's no use to strike him on the top of the head;

You will have to hang or choke him, and do it
with pains,
For his head it is empty, and he has no
brains.

There is an inbred fool called the Kaiser Bill,
He thinks he is instructed by God
To slay the whole world—everyone great and
small,
And bury them under the sod.

He was a fool from the day he was born,
And will be until the day he dies;
He sent his mother to the grave broken-hearted;
From infancy he did her despise.

He raves on about his German Kultur,
He is so clever himself and his pack;
As he grows older he may grow wiser,
When he finds himself on his back.

He keeps a special barber his moustache to train,
It turns up at each end so true;
By such nonsense how much has he gained
That will help to carry him through.

Great Britain, Great Britain, he hates her,
From early morn till late, late at night;
To conquer, defeat and destroy her,
He will work with main and with might.

He is a fool and a despot by rule,
So stubborn, self-centered and set;
He was born deformed, and has never reformed,
And there are rooms in his flat to let.

Now men of this kind they are hard to find,
So crooked, so vile, so untrue,
Like his father, the Devil, his head is not level,
And it never will carry him through.

THE EPITAPH OF HOLY WILLY II.

Here lies the bones of William the Kaiser;
Had he not been a fool he would have been wiser;
For murder and lust he took a high stand;
He surpassed all others on the face of the land.
Right into Hades by express he did pass,
For killing the babies and throwing the gas;
He always was vile and never did well,
By the murder of Capt. Fryatt and poor Miss Cavell.

FRIENDSHIP.

I have traveled this world from end to end,
    I have roamed abroad on the seas,
I have climbed the mountains to their highest peaks,
    And have seen everything that will please.

I have spanned this land from coast to coast,
    By rail and waterway;
And have found that the best plan for any man
    Is to be friendly to the people by the way.

If the day be raw and cloudy,
    And some fellow is down in the mud,
Now jam your shoulder to the wheel
    And help him out with his load.

Put your hand in your pocket
    And hand him out some cash,
For to-morrow, e'er it be sunset,
    You may come down with a crash.

Just form this into a habit,
    And do it day by day;
For there is nothing in God's world like friendship
    To the people by the way.

FRIENDSHIP

There is nothing gained by whining
About other people's sins.
And there is less to be gained by repining
For things we never can win.
Inside a rough encasement the truest heart may beat,
And beneath the shabbiest coat may be a disposition sweet;
Just brighten up your own life, and brighten others, too;
For there is nothing like friendship
As this world we travel through.

A DRAMA OF BROOKLIN

A DRAMA OF BROOKLIN.

A man of renown came to our town
About a year or more.
You'll never find him with a frown
At home or at his door.

His stature's short, his memory 's long.
He is always doing well.
You'll never find him in disgrace
Or on the road to hell.

He has a smile for every one
No matter where you meet.
It may be at his own home
Or out upon the street.

One night we went to see him.
(We were rather on our uppers),
"Come in," says he, in right good style,
"You must stay and have your suppers."

You never saw such dandy cakes.
Mustard, tea and sandwich ham.
And what a glorious time we had
On every other kind of jim jam.

When the supper was over and all cleared away
  We had a game of chance,
And those who did not care to play
  They had a little dance.

All the big bugs in the town were there,
  From jolly Steve Medland to cute Sandy Blair,
From Jim Macdonald to Gentleman Jim Moore,
  They danced and they danced till they wore
    out the floor.

And Whiteford, the fiddler, he also was there,
  He gave us some music so grand and so rare,
We danced and we sung until our ears rung,
  And once in a while a good song was sung.

As the dance it went on, with the fun at its best,
  When stopping too quick to take a little rest,
Jim Mac he fell, his hind leg did he bend,
  So we sent for Dr. Jim his troubles to mend.

As the night it passed on and fun at top notch,
  A sad thing happened that made quite a blotch,
Our old friend Till he went out for a wander,
  His hind leg slipped and fell on the gander.

Now rumor had it that the goose was dead
  And that poor Till had broken his head,
Now Policeman Bill, with dexterous skill,
  Gave Till a quick jerk and he let out a groan.

Like a flash it stopped all the fun,
For the ladies thought he had broken his back-
bone;
Now Dr. Mc. he gave him some dope
And when he revived he shouted "To hell
with the Pope."

Now Mr. Tink was going home quite late,
And around that way he did wander,
He heard the noise of the girls and the boys
And the squawk of the old dying gander.

He ventured in and said, "This is a den of sin,
I'm afraid that you are not doing well,
Do you not know this is no way to go,
If I'm not mistaken it's the road to hell."

Now Uncle Stephen spoke with a voice good and
strong,
Says he, "Friend Tink, you're entirely wrong,
For we've had a grand night with music and song
And I've seen nothing here you could really
call wrong.

"For it's been the best time that I've had in my
life
And a dandy good place to select a new wife."
Now Till, still under the effects of the dope,
Shouts "Three cheers for King George and to
hell with the Pope."

Now Ben, with a red face like a pumpkin,
Says he, "I'll turn in for a whirl."
So he selected a belle and did very well,
And danced around with his own sweet girl.

When the music was at its very tip top
Policeman Bill came in with a skip and a hop,
And just to be friendly and to have a little fun
He hooked onto ——— for his own dear one.
They addressed, they chained, and did it with ease,
But Bill slipped on some grease and fell on his knees.

Someone shouted to bring in the chief waiter,
When in rushed the boss, his name is Jack Slater;
He swore things were in an awful mess,
And said he first thought hell was out for recess.

Now two more came in dressed up in "G,"
In fact, they looked like a Christmas tree,
They marched around like a couple of fools
For they simply acted like a pair of green mules.

One was rather short and the other so tall,
If he'd happened to slip he'd have a bad fall;

A blessing from high he had no need to ask.
For to reach and take one would be an easy task.

Every move that they made a tale did tell
They were on the road to no place and getting on quite well.
They were green as grass or the early spring leaves,
But they danced pretty well and with wonderful ease.

Now when swinging too quick the lady fell on her knees
And the doctor rushed in to relieve her.
He found it was a case of chronic bad fever.
Now her partner began to curse and to mope
But the Doc said "As long as there's life there is hope."

Now his face also began to turn blue;
It was then found he had a twitch of it, too.
Now just to cheer them and for a refrain
The Chaplain he shouted "Hallelujah, Amen."
Then Till: "Three cheers for the Chaplain and God save the Pope."

Ferguson, the miller, coming rather late,
Says "Why I'm not here sooner I don't need to state."

He also brought along his partner true,
And another fine lady, a rare beauty, too.

Friend Whiteford had been playing for a good long spell,
He put some life in the music and played very well;
The miller now says, "I'll give you a rest,"
For he wanted to see them their step to test.

The floormaster now, with some skill and art,
Says "Everyone get partners and be ready to start."
"Address partners now," the floormaster did call,
"All to centre, ladies chain and wheel."
Everyone you may depend to the music did reel.

But when reeling too quick Gentleman Jim slipped and fell,
And damaged the south-east side of his face,
You'd think he had been fighting or in disgrace.
No wonder he fell, for the floor was slippery as lather,
And it took us all our time to hold on to each other.

Now one of the ladies said, "The doctor we will call,
And please stop dancing, every one great and small."
The doctor examined him and found nothing serious,
Although he seemed a little delirious.

Now just for a change and to make things bright
The Chaplain shouted with main and with might,
"Praise the Lord, hallelujah, amen!"
Now friend Till, still a little off, said:
"As long as there's life there is hope,"
And said, "Three cheers for Ferguson, the fiddler,
And long live the Pope."

Now, attracted by the music, in stepped our old friend, Jimmy Boyce. He said, "It makes me feel young to see you rejoice." He now gave us this quotation that is so highly rated, which the great Billy Shakespeare long ago created:

> "He who hath no music in his soul, and is not moved by the concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treason's stratagems and spoils. His soul is a dark Erebus. Let no such man be trusted."

Now, he said, "My friends, you step very well, but I would show you something fine were it not for my bunions. But just for to cheer you up and to sweeten your breath I have brought along a few of my onions." He said, "My golly, to some of the extra righteous this may look like folly; but jam right in and have a good time, in our fair native land when you are in your prime. For this is the very way that we did in the land of the thistle; for in Scotland we never had finished our education, nor were we fit in this world to fill any station. Without we had six months at the dancing school we were considered little better than a fool. For without manners, grace, courtesy and love, there is no room for you in that new home above."

Now very late in the evening our friend from the very north of the village came in. He seemed rather excited and like one possessed. As usual he was dressed away up in "G," in fact, he looked like a Christmas tree. You all know him well, his name I need not tell; his first is the same as the Kaiser; but I think of the two perhaps he may be the wiser. Like Napoleon of old he is not very tall, and his actions are right when they are not wrong. He began right at the company to address, and said he, "You are not acting wise, if I have made a right guess; if I judge right things are in an awful mess. Just to think

that things have come to this pass, when so much is needed for the Red Cross and other things, too, to help to carry this country through. Of my cash very little to charity I give, but my prayers and good-will will help others to live. Do you not know what the great Robert Burns said about foolishness? Here, listen, said he to me:

> "'Pleasures are like poppies spread
> You seize the bloom, the flower is shed:
> Or like the snowflake in the river,
> One moment white, then gone forever.
> Or like the Borealis race,
> That flits e'er you can mark the place,
> Or like the rainbow's lovely form
> That vanishes amid the storm.'"

Now for a change in his address, said he, "My friends not very far to the south they both act like an ass, and if examined for same I think that neither would pass. But on return of compliments they say on that matter I need not fret, for there are rooms in my own head to let. Now, I have been at Orange walks and champagne suppers too, but for extravagance and style in this time of great stress, this beats them all blue; for this I will confess, just see what costume you have of the red, white and blue. Now, how much will this help you this world to go through.

Just to show you what an economical lad am I, this suit I have on is somewhat worn and tanned; but just fifty years ago my father's tailor it planned. It was my father's coat, and now it is mine. I have everything on God's earth but a luxury called a wife, to cheer me along in this world of tumult and strife. I don't want any trash, but I want one with some cash; and I am afraid that there is not one here that will do. I care not whether she is black or white, if she has money and sense, for I like the true blue; and if there is anything on top of earth that I hate its pretense."

Now when he had finished this oration so great it's not necessary for me to state that Socrates of old would simply have turned cold, or, the reasoning of the Apostle Paul have simply grown pale. Or even the impeachment of Warren Hastings for misrule in India, it would become stale.

Now, one of the prettiest young ladies, the nicest of the bunch, said, "My honored sir, will you please come with me and have a nice lunch." Now as quick as lightning flash a change comes over the spirit of his dream, for the first round served was peaches and cream. Now he thanked her again and again, and very politely said, "My pretty young maid, will you please bring me some champagne." Now when he got through he said,

"This beats all other things clean, for I have had oceans to eat and everything sweet, and I have been served by a young queen."

Now another lot came in at a very late hour;
To get there earlier it was not in their power;
For every one present had been on the first floor.
The house was crowded from rear to front door.
Some were so strong and others so long.
All the way from Frank Scott to Dave Burns
with his song.
From Ben, the tailor, to James Mac, the sailor.
Some were so short and others so tall,
From Uncle John Maynard to Bill Harris and
all;
Everyone from the new undertaker to Wilson,
the baker.
Some came to help and others to dance,
And others did nothing but to skip and to prance.
Everyone was there who had flesh on his bones,
From Joe Crammond, the Scott, to our friend,
Billy Jones.
Not often such men have been seen in this class,
All the way from Will Ormiston to our friend,
Charles Grass;
From Policeman Bill to our old friend, Till:
In fact, all were there of any renown,
From sly Tommy Hall to cute Andy Brown.
Now shouted the floormaster,with a sly glance,

"One and all, big and small, get ready to dance,"
Now each selected his own best girl,
And on to the floor they went with a whirl.
They addressed and swung, they bowed and caressed,
And with rare grace each other did pass.
And Joe Hodson, he was there too,
He just came to see the thing through.
Still more and more came to fill up the ranks,
From Elliott, the merchant to our new vet. Wellbanks.

As the night passed on with frolic and glee,
Some of the boys they did not agree.
Now Policeman Bill, with quick wit and skill,
Found out that some one had been on a spree;
So to smooth things out, and for a refrain,
The chaplain he shouted, "Hallelujah, amen."
Now some one called out, "Can we not have a song?"
"Alright," said the boss "a song you shall get;"
So Dave Burns he was called with his great skill and wit;
Now he at once took the floor, and said, "On this you may rely,
I will give you something of no common renown,
I think the best you will hear in the town."
He started in fine, but soon he played out,
So he stopped for a spell, and said "I am not well.

I have a touch of measles or a fit of the gout;
I have some music in me, but can't get it out;
I caught it one night by being out late,
When sleeping in the barnyard and leaving open
the gate."
Now two others came in, in case we forgot,
Will Dryden, the farmer, and Will Fowlie, the
Scott,
And also Charlie Calder, to fill up the lot;
And William Smith, he came along,
Just for a change and to see things right through,
For wisdom, for strength, for grace and for style;
They simply came out at the top of the pile.
They had been out very late at a dance,
And on their way home this way did wander,
And being in full dress they came in for a prance
And to inquire about the health of the old prize
gander.
Now when it was seen the four worthies were
there,
The floormaster called, "One and all form a
square."
We were all so well pleased and so full of delight
That we danced and we danced with main and
with might;
Now we addressed and we swung with grace and
with tact,
When some one fell on some place unknown,
And came down with a thump on the end of their
back.

You could easily tell they were hurt by the tone
of their groan.
Now the new vet he soon put all things right;
He worked and he tried with skill and with
might,
For, said he, "as long as there is life there is
hope,"
And he used his air pump and he injected dope.
Now, out of sympathy, and for a refrain,
Being led by the chaplain, we shouted "Amen,"
For such accidents on the nerves are a strain.
But the medicine took effect and soon freed him
from pain.
Now in stepped the doctor at a very late hour,
And selected (Miss You Know) for his right
bower.
Just to honor this couple—the two best dancers,
The floormaster called, "Fall in for the lancers."

Now Joe had been out in the township assess-
ing,
And being a little hungry he came in for lunch,
Quite short in the grain says he, "This is no way
to go,
It is pretty late in the season your wild oats to
sow.
If very soon new ways you don't mould,
You will land where it is all heat and not very
much cold."

Now one of our ladies, the prettiest of the bunch,
Says she to me in jolly good glee,
"I'll soon bring him too with a nice lunch."
Now when he began to be a little thawed out,
And be relieved of the blues and his fit of the gout,
Now says he to me, "I'll turn in for a swing."
And on to the floor his true lover did bring.
Now the fiddler he struck up a spirited reel,
The dancers now all at the floor master's call,
Struck in every one, big, great and small.
Now Joe with a darling of beauty and grace,
When turning too quick she fell on her face,
Joe he also came down with an awful hard thump,
Somewhere in the south-east corner
Of the north-west side of the turn of his neck,
There arose like a pyramid a very sore lump.

Now Joe began to mope and to curse,
And all by good luck we had a trained nurse;
She said she had used all kinds of rub on and dope,
But nothing on earth would beat soft soap.

Now three worthies, well known to all,
John Medland, Ed. Long and Will Croxall,
And two strangers, one short and one tall
And one of the two he was lame from a fall.

Our friend, Tommy Gill, now appeared on the scene,
And selected a rare beauty for his own dear queen;
And sprightly he stepped out with his own dear girl,
And on to the floor he went for a whirl.

Now another young man appeared on the scene,
And for the rest of the night he selected his queen,
Her name it was Miss—her name I'll never tell,
We call him young Whiteford, you all know him well.

Some new ones came to enjoy the great treat,
Others they came to groan and to grunt,
And still others they came to get something to eat
At the very tail end of the hunt.
Now Sam Manning, his business had been plowing,
He came in at a very late hour
He brought a nice partner, so neat and so sweet,
You all know her well for his left bower.

Some others were there who stayed over for dinner,
John Innes, Mr. Adams, Jim Knight and Mr. Skinner,

Every one was there from the pions to holy,
All the way from Patterson to our friend, Mr.
Gourlay.

Now some of the ladies, the finest of the bunch,
About four in the morning they made us a lunch,
And what a treat we had on porridge and eggs,
And some were so hungry that they ate the nut-
megs.
It was now discovered that the male goose was
alive,
And Till was so glad when he began to revive;
But still lingering under the effect of the dope,
This time he r[illegible]s out, "God Save the Pope."

Some others we forgot to mention were there,
Ken Beamish, the carpenter, Will Lawrence and
more,
From Uncle John Maynard, the great millionaire,
To our old friend from the north, Billy Hoar.

Something now all at once went wrong,
And just to straighten things out,
Someone in the crowd called for a song
To cheer up a man who had a fit of the gout.

The wise men of the Township came in in a
bunch,

And our ladies they made them a royal grand
lunch;
They are no fools, on this you can bank,
For they are all rare lads of no common rank.
We know them, one and all, in our town,
Fred Rowe, William Ormiston, and our friend,
Tommy Hall,
Wm. Guthrie and our old friend, Frank Brown.

Some excitement now arose at a very late hour,
To stop the tumult, it was beyond Bill's power;
Some argument arose about the six best dancers,
Then the floormaster shouted, "Fall in for the
lancers."

Mr. Ketchen now came in with his friend, Wm.
Blight,
"Things," said he, "Are in a very bad plight."
"Not at all," said Till, the tumult to still,
"For we had a rare time with fun and good
will."

Now Mr. Frank Campbell came in for a ramble,
For he thought that trouble was brewing some-
where,
So he called policeman Bill to make things still,
And to generally clear up the air.

Now a sad thing happened our old friend, uncle
John,
In the very midst of the dance and the song,
When turning too quick he came down with a
thump,
And on the back of his head he raised a big lump.

An awful thing happened on the third night of
the second day,
By the house being crowded, the sleepers gave
way,
With lightning speed, as if sent by express,
To the bottom all together went in a mess,
It was as dark as Erebus, we all will confess,
And some began to curse and to mope,
And others said "As long as there is life there
is hope."
Now just to keep things bright and relieve them
of pain,
The Chaplain he roars out, "Hallelujah, amen."

But now Till says, "To blazes with Hallelujahs,
Your amens, your mope and your dope,
For as sure as I am a Tory I'm into the barrel
of new soft soap,
For that I'd not care, but the worst of it all,
I am so tall and the barrel is so small,
And both ends are sticking right out,
And I can't move at all, without a doubt."

And at the top of his voice he began to shout,
"For God's sake why do you not take me out."
But very soon Jim Mac, who is just the whack,
Cracked the hoops and let poor Till out.
And over the floor the soap it did spurt,
And now what a tumult took place with laughter and screeches.
But Till says, "I'd not care a hang, but these are my new Sunday breeches."
Now Till, just to show pluck, and not for to mope,
He roars, "Three cheers for Jim Mac and to hell with soft soap."

Now such a strain is hard on the nerves,
But the worst of it was, we broke all the preserves
And for the rest of the feast pumpkin sauce we did eat,
But that was all right, for sugar is dear and it is real sweet.
Now Mr. Tink says, "I told you long, long ago,
That you would reap the wild oats that you surely did sow."

Now the party broke up on the fourth night at a very late hour; but on account of the accidents it made things a little sour. Uncle John he moved three cheers for the host and his wife,

and one and all agreed that we had had the very best time of our life.

And Till, with good cheer and good will, shouts out again and again, "Three cheers for Charlie Calder, and Hurrah for the Gander." And now one and all to our homes we did wander.

And we all will remember the host and his wife. Now things to a close we did bring by singing, God Save the King.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

As we all move on and changes come,
The reaper, Death, is never done.
The monarchs of the forest they grow old.
And they pass away and turn to mould.

Like the rivers are in the ocean lost,
Or the mist before the storm,
We drift about all distressed,
Forgotten and forlorn.

Like bubbles on the ocean's breast,
Or the snow flake in the breeze;
With every good thing we are blest,
Still we are never at ease.

The savage hand of ruthless time
It takes us all away,
We are told, to a finer clime,
Where it's never ending day.

His scythe is one both good and strong,
And he marches on like a lion bold.
And his swath is so wide, so straight and strong,
And he gathers us into his fold.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE

When we scan our lives that are past and gone,
They are like a tale that is told;
And we leave this life of care and strife,
And we do not last like the gold.

The longest term that we have on earth,
The longest is but short;
Our lives should be of noble worth,
And be of good report.

The strongest claim that we have on life
Is weak and full of woe;
We are never free from care and strife
No matter where we go.

O some are never, never true
They are full of strife and wrath,
They paint all things a heavy blue,
And choose the crooked path.

Like the rivers that in the ocean's lost,
Or the snowflake in the breeze,
From early morn till night we're tossed,
And never are at ease.

THE FOOLISHNESS OF WAR.

If one man kills another
Because they don't agree,
He will be confined for life
Or strung up to a tree.

But if a million men,
Backed by a nation strong,
Kill one man by every shot
They are doing nothing wrong.

When one good home is broken,
And mother and orphans mourn,
The guilty one who did the deed
Of liberty is shorn.

But when thousands have lost their all,
And are deprived of home and food,
The culprits are called heroes
For doing something good.

O cruel, cruel, hellish war!
When, O when, will we have peace?
And understand the nations all
That our Saviour's rule is peace.

MEN OF THE VILLAGE AND OTHERS

ROBERT WALKS.

When we think of a man who is noble and grand,
We also think of one who is true,
And still we think of one who will take a firm stand
And who will do what he agrees to do.
Now just such a man we do miss from town,
Every day we miss him from view,
For he is one of no common renown,
And his color it is true blue.
He is straight of stature, he is wise when he talks,
You one and all know him well, our old friend,
Robert Walks.

W. A. HOLLIDAY.

There is another still we miss all the same,
He also arose to considerable fame;
He was pretty good in figures, and first-class in song,
He also aimed for the right, and not for the wrong,
Every moment of his life he tried to do well,
He has left us now, a short while to stay,
Will we have to tell you his name is just William Holliday.

DR. JOHN WAUGH.

There is another old friend that we have known
from youth,
When we say that he is great we are telling the
truth;
He is large of stature and broad of mind,
Not often men of his class in this world we do
find.
In matters educational he is simply the peer,
When ruling our schools his judgment is clear.
He rose, he rose to the very top rung,
And his merits every day by thousands are sung.
Like other great men who, though humble, are
great
In matters pertaining to the welfare of the state.
To meet him and know him is always a treat,
Be it at his own home or out on the street.
He is a son of the heather and thistle so grand,
He loved his mother country, his dear native
land.
But to Canada he was and is always loyal and
true,
To him her skies are always light blue.
In his good name we can't find a flaw,
For he is just our old friend, Dr John Waugh.

FRANK SCOTT.

There is also another grand man whom we're
sorry has left
For other parts not [illegible] away;
We most certainly do [illegible] do feel
bereft
Of the company [illegible] every
day.
His actions were alw[illegible] so true.
And any good wo[illegible] it right
through.
We miss his judgment, [illegible] good and
clear,
And he was always the same every day in the
year.
On every good thing his mind he would fix.
He has no use for any who have mean, shab-
by tricks;
And we will sing that old song right good and
plain,
To the same old familiar and sorrowful strain,
Old friend, "Will ye no come back again?"

KEITH LAWRENCE.

There is still one more who has acquired some fame.
When he went to fight for his country he left a good name;
His motives are right and his methods are just.
In his judgment and actions we always could trust.
He will cheer his comrades with good will and song.
He will always stand for the right and not for the wrong;
To strike a high mark it will be his chief aim.
And on our affections he has a strong claim.
We all know him well. Keith Lawrence his name.

WARD (of the Bank).

And there 's our friend Ward, he is no common fool;
Just to do what is right that is always his rule;
To stand by the bank and the people to please.
That he can do with real perfect ease.
To meet him and know him is no common treat.
Either in the bank or out on the street.
He came here not as a mere toy.
And left us again the white-headed boy.
Just to take him all around he is rare game.
And on our affections he has a strong claim.

DR. WARREN.

There is our old friend, Dr. Warren, so friendly and bright,
To meet him and know him it is good for the sight:
Like the Queen of Sheba, he comes from the south
To his old early home in the days of his youth.
If you know him and trust him you will find him all right,
Whatever he does he does with his might.
If you are down in the town just give him a call,
You will get a right welcome, every one great and small;
And if you are sick he will soon have you right,
For to get you on your feet he will work with his might.
When we get extra bad for him we do send,
He will soon make us all right, and our troubles will mend.

WILLIAM FOWLIE.

And there's Wm. Fowlie, of the heather he is a
son,
If you chase him for a fool you are on the wrong
run.
He is a giant in body, and a master in mind.
Now men of his class they are quite hard to find.
When you take one good look you can see he is
of no common stock,
For he is simply a chip off a good solid block.
When doing what is right he is just in his glory.
But in politics he resembles a good Scotch Tory.
Like other grand men who are independent of
mind,
They are the best class that you ever will find.
He is down on what's wrong, and is up with
what's right,
For he is never half-hearted, but works with his
might.
In religion his views are both safe and sound,
In this matter he stands on good solid ground.
His history is right, my word I will pass,
For every cross in his pedigree it is first-class.
His father was Auld Kirk, and once voted Tory,
Now this is his record, for I've told the whole
story.
He is no hypocrite, on this you can bank,
For he came of good people, of grand noble rank.

CHARLIE McCLELLAN.

And there is our Charlie McClellan, with his old-
fashioned ways,
He comes to our village on busy bank days;
In banking business he is always supreme,
In every form known he is simply the cream.
If in need of some money, on you he will wait,
Be it early morning, or in evening so late.
Just to be honest and straight, that is his chief
aim,
Like his father before him, who left a good name,
He has always been doing this, and is doing it
now,
For he was trained in the right school by the late
Thomas Dow.
To meet him at home, or down in the bank
You can easily see he is of no common rank.

WILLIAM ORMISTON.

There is one more still who lives on the hill,
He belongs to no common stock;
Like a castle of old, it is up good and bold,
Where they get the fresh air and the breeze;
Surrounded by everything noble and grand,
It is needless to state the situation is great,
Closed in by those stately old elm trees.
About six years ago he came to this place,
And not one moment since has he been in disgrace.
Just to build up and to help things along
He stands for the right and not for the wrong.
Those two grand houses to his credit will stand
As long as there's another on the face of the land.
Though among the last named he is not of the least:
Like the wise men of old he came from the east.
To live on that hill it's always up in "G,"
For it's as near perfection as it's possible to be.
Those elms so grand, majestic and old,
Are worth their own weight in silver and gold.
And those romantic walks that old nature did plan
Will surely cheer the heart of woman or man.
He likes a heavy horse and a fast one, too,
That in all sorts of weather will carry him through.
He is one of the five that our township do rule;
If you think he knows nothing you are simply a fool.

JOHN MEDLAND.

When you want to meet an old friend who is true blue,
I'll tell you exactly what you must do:
Just go due north to where the two roads meet,
Where you'll find one who is always pleasant to greet.
John is never excited or in a bad humor,
And he pays no attention to any wild rumor;
He ne'er will reproach you for not doing well,
Like some others who say that we are going to hell.
He is no hypocrite, on this you can depend,
And he is one who is ready to lend:
Just to make people happy is his chief aim,
And for himself never tried to win a great name.
But just to be happy, light-hearted and true,
That's what he most always is trying to do.
To do what's straight has always been his rule,
And you'll be surely left if you take him for a fool.
In politics he is not awfully set;
A straighter going man very seldom is met.

HARRY McBRIEN.

Here's another old friend, both noble and grand,
When he puts down his foot he knows how to stand;

Like the wind, good and strong, he comes from
the west,
And in his physique he ranks with the best.
Just to do what is right and strike a high mark
He will work from the dawn until long after
dark.
If you're financially broke and have come down
with a thud
He'll be the first to help you out of the mud.
For years he was one of our Councillor guys,
And every move that he made was done well and
wise.
He is large in his stature and broad in his views
And whatever you say he ne'er misconstrues.
He is always good-natured whenever you meet
And a pleasant companion any time for to greet.
Like his father before him, it is his chief aim
To do what is right and leave a good name.
And about others he never does whine;
Can't you guess who he is—our old friend Harry
McBrien.
To visit the family is both pleasant and grand,
A better welcome you'll never receive in this fair
noble land.
Those who have not hospitality, friendship and
love
Are not wanted in that new home above.

FRANK BATTY.

There's another young man built on a right plan.
In good stock circles he has acquired some fame.
Just to do what is right he will work with his
might.
He has and always will have a good name.
His father before him was a pioneer bold:
Frank has acquired some wealth in silver and
gold.
When you deal with him you'll get something
good
And you'll always find him straightforward and
shrewd.
When you leave the old village and southward
you aim
Just turn to the right and up on the hill
You will find a young man who is no common
game,
Endowed with good judgment clear vision and
skill.
In placing a horse his judgment is grand.
For he knows exactly how a good horse should
stand.
When you see all the ribbons and medals he's
won
Do not marvel, for horsemen were both father
and son.
When you visit the family a great welcome you'll
get

With fine hospitality, by one and all you are met.
For he is no empty swell, self-centered and set.
And no empty rooms in his head are to let.

REV. W. H. FOLEY, B.A.

And there's Mr. Foley, level headed and true,
He has a fine education to carry him through;
Long ago he passed his exams and took a B.A.;
This will help to keep him from going astray.

His manners are those of a gentleman free,
And in matters educational he is right up in "G";
He is void of anything that resembles pretence,
And he is endowed with right good common sense.
He is a favorite with all whom he chances to meet,
Be it at his home or out on the street;
And with his congregation he every one wins,
For he says very little about people's sins.
Why should anyone whine about original sin?
Or repine for what we never can win;
Just do what you think is right, and do it with ease,
For it's the right road to no place to try all people to please.

Abraham Lincoln said in order to be great
We must be humble, straightforward and free;
For those who do not know I will relate,
This is exactly what our friend every day tries to be.
He never gets excited as this world he goes through.
And he is always light-hearted and never is blue;
For when excited we can't take a right view
Of what other people say or the course they pursue.
In matters of religion he knows where to stand.
In this Canada, our fair native land.
Like a wise man he goes in for church union,
For then we will be one in song and communion.

WILLIAM DRYDEN.

When we leave the old village and to the north we do go,
We go a mile east, and our journey is through;
And on each side of the road a grand place you will see,
For the land it is reckoned away up in "G."
The owner of this farm, his judgment it is clear.
For he knows where to stand every day of the year;
And in stock judging he is one of the few,
At the very first glance he knows what to do.

When in the prize ring he is just in his glory,
To him to place the ribbons it is an old story;
But on this subject so vast no more I will say,
For some Falls he is judging in the month every day.
He is known from ocean to ocean so far,
From the Atlantic's high tides to the Pacific's calm shore.
Now on this important subject I'll say no more,
Only that he holds his old friends and makes new ones galore.
For strength, for judgment, for grace and for style,
He simply stands on the top of the pile;
His pedigree is right, and his voice it is strong,
There are but few know it, but he can sing a good song.
To visit Maple Shade and view the herds and the flocks,
You will know when he speaks he is wise when he talks;
To call at his home it is a great treat,
For a better companion that his partner you never will meet.

REV. WM. HAIG.

And there is our old friend, Mr. Haig, who is
good hearted and free,
He is as near perfection as we can wish him to be,
He comes to us fifty-two times in the year,
On some subject to speak that he makes good and
clear,
He says little about our faults and original sins,
That is how he is so successful with the people he
wins,
He says little about money, and less about hades,
That pleases the men, and offends not the ladies,
In politics he is independent, but to the right side
he will lurch,
For two Members of Parliament attend his
church,
It is not at all necessary that I shall this state,
That he is connected with people both noble and
great,
For he is a close connection of Sir Douglas Haig,
Who is moving all obstacles in his own native
craig,
When doing something noble he is just in his
glory,
But at first he resembles a good Scotch Tory,

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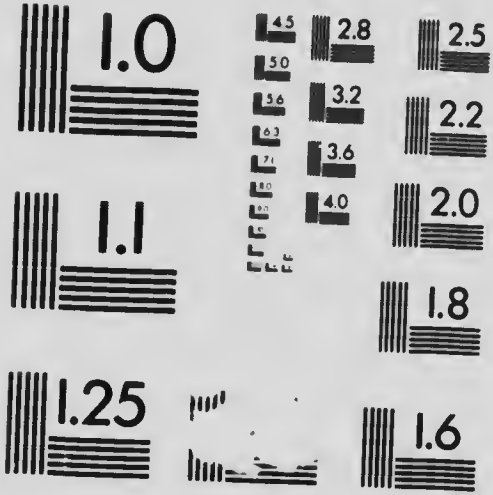
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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THOMAS GILL.

There is our own Tommy Gill, well known to all.
He is not very short nor yet very tall:
He first landed here about fifty years ago
And during that time no wild oats did he sow.
When he landed here, for Jemmy Walker he worked,
And not a moment of time his duty he shirked:
To act the part of a man he is just in his glory,
And there is nothing mean in his looks, for he looks like a Tory.
Every inch of his body is made of good stuff,
And if we say no more, this is surely enough.
Just to do what is right has always been his rule,
If you take him for a light-weight, you are surely a fool.
Now in figures he is simply first-class,
In Algebra, too, he also will pass;
Also up in Bible history and the Catechism class,
And if you take him for a fool, you are certainly an ass.
He has raised some grand sons, and a daughter so true,
And each has done well as this world they go through;
This is all I 'll say now, it 's just part of the story,
But still I maintain that he looks like a Tory.

JIM McDONALD.

We have another old friend that we must gently scan.
He is built on the right good hearted plan.
He is known by one and all for miles around,
And every day of the year stands on good solid ground.
He is no hypocrite, on this you can bank,
For he is as reliable and solid as the new British tank
That has scattered the Huns and filled them with fear,
And when he speaks you'll understand, for he speaks good and clear.
He's traveled from Fort William to old Montreal,
And is very well known at each port of call.
He never lost an old friend, but made lots of new,
And if you're down-hearted he will help you right through.
He was never known to do any mean tricks,
For on better things his mind he will fix.
Just to do what is right is his chief aim,
And on our affections he has a strong claim.
For twenty-six years of his life he was a sailor,
And for splicing a rope he is simply a nailer.
For many long nights in the worst of lake gales,
He would sit in crow's nest watching the sails;

And many times in the water he nearly did smother,
And I never knew one who was so kind to his mother,
In politics he is independent, but resembles a Tory,
And this sketch of his life is but part of his story.

JOHN MILLER.

Here is still another young man we'll gently scan,
Who is known from ocean to ocean's great shore;
Like his grandsires of old, so sagacious and wise,
To the top rung in stock circles both did rise.

A young man of his age, it will be safe for to say
That we have not one here in the present day
Who has stepped out so wise, courageous and bold,
Who more stock has bought or more quickly has sold.

He is independent in matters concerning the State,
This is not necessary that we shall relate.
You may depend that to the right side he will lurch,
He cannot go wrong, for he lives near the church.

He knows when to speak and his tongue for to
hold,
To know this is worth a lot of silver and gold;
He was trained by a mother both sagacious and
wise,
And not once in his life her advice did he despise.

JOHN WHITEFORD.

We have one more old friend, not by any means
least,
Like the wise men of old, he came from the east;
He's a son of the thistle, for this we well know,
He has no wild oats to reap for none he did sow.
This fact we will state, for some may not know,
That he's simply XXX on a violin solo;
In his craft he's pastmaster, for this we can tell,
The work that he does is done good and well.
His shop is where the wise men do meet,
To spend an hour in a quiet retreat;
All things are discussed, some subjects so great,
Especially matters concerning the State.

BALFOUR BROS.

Two young Lochinvars who came from the west
With plenty of money in fowl to invest;
To make this a success is their one great aim
And establish for themselves an untarnished
name.

They have a stately old place, 'tis easy to see
That they keep everything sung and right up
in "G."
It's majestic, romantic, noble and grand,
It is one of the finest to be found in the land.
About one year ago they first landed here,
And their actions have ever been straight and
sincere;
We're sure we are right when this we do state,
That they are closely connected with Balfour
the great.

THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. GRASS.

When we think of a people who are noble and
great,
Good-hearted, off-handed and true,
It is not at all necessary for me here to state
Just exactly what you must do.
Without we are humble, light-hearted and free
Our journey through life will be cheerless and
blue.
For a helping hand, you can easily see,
Will carry the unfortunate through.
Now just such a family I have in my mind,
To every one whom they may chance to meet,
Every day in the year they're true-hearted and
kind
In their own home or out on the street.

Now to find where they live this you must do:
Go south to where four corners meet
Now turn to your right, but on the south side,
And now your journey is through.
Such a home of rare beauty it is hard to find
As you travel this country around;
For the flowers, shrubs and bowers are in the
first class,
And for rare variety they do much abound.
Like the wise men of old, he came from the east,
Years, many years, long ago;
Though gentle in manners he is never behind,
For his wild oats he never did sow.
He likes a good horse and everything right.
To one who has eyes it 's no trouble to see;
And when he works he works with his might,
And everything is right up in "G."
Now one and all must obey my command,
From ocean to ocean 's great shore,
Be sure and give them a call, every one great and
small,
Just as I have told you before.
Now be sure and call e'er you leave the town,
For their home you never must pass;
For if you do you will leave with a frown,
For it is the home of our friend, Charlie Grass.

THE SHIRKER.

Did you ever hear tell of a shirker?
He is built on a peculiar plan.
He is no use on this earth as a worker,
And less use to any woman or man.
There is nothing that exists can move him.
Pray, pity him those who can.

Yes, there is not anything known can start him
Not even a sweetheart true,
Not the gallant charge of the Light Brigade
When thirty out of seven hundred came through;
Not even Chinese Gordon, the gallant,
For men of his kind they are few.

He has also heard of the Gordon Highlanders,
Who took the Darghai Pass,
And he has heard of those Kultur-mad brigands,
Who threw that infernal gas,
But nothing on God's earth can move him,
For he sits like a statue of brass.

He has heard of the grand old Wellington,
How he won his laurels true;
How he defeated the invincible Napoleon
On the field of Waterloo.

But all the same nothing will move him,
Reports that are false or true.

He has heard of the women and children
Of Belgium all mutilated and slain;
He has heard of the battle of Langemarck,
And he has heard of the river Aisne,
Where our boys immortal glory won,
And forever left a great name.

He has also heard of the great Laura Secord,
Who was so loyal, plucky and true,
Who walked twenty miles through the forest
With a grand noble aim in view.
And still there is nothing that will move him,
Not even the enemy right in view.

He who will not fall in line at his country's call,
He is neither loyal nor brave;
He has not the heart of a man at all,
But the heart of a cringing slave.
And still nothing will move him,
Not even a sweeping ocean's wave.

On him a sweetheart no affections will waste
On a coward so mean and so low,
For loyal are the daughters of Canada
To their home and sovereign, too;
And rather than wed a coward
Alone they will walk life through.

No father will wish him God speed on his way,
As this life he journeys right through,
No mother will kiss him good-bye and say,
"My dear boy, I am proud of you."
All the same he remains like a statue,
For his color is not a true blue.

One who is so mean, so vile and so low,
Down into oblivion most surely will go;
Like the snowflake in the river is lost,
Or waters on the rapids are tossed,
But nothing in heaven or on earth will move
It matters not what may be the cost.

Greetings for shirkers there will be none,
When the boys come marching home,
Of martial music there will be no flourish,
No rolling sound of the drum,
For a shirker the only thing still
Is a coward's grave to fill.

Then the Empire's banner unfurl,
And forward to meet the foe,
For on earth no power can hold us
When the trumpets wildly blow,
For the sons of Canada are loyal,
As proudly fighting they go.

Of his prowess the Kaiser may boast,
    Of victory and glory won:
But his strength he knows it is wasting,
    And flown is his hope in war,
For too plain he has heard the cheers of our men
    Who came from Canada afar.

WANDERING THOUGHTS.

As we look back over the pages of history, true or false, we are more and more impressed by the difference of opinion in regard to what constitutes right and wrong along life's pathway.

The great historian, Macaulay, says that true British history begins with the reign of Henry VII. If so, we are left in doubt in regard to what happened before that period.

But just stop and think for a moment. What a peculiar race we are from first to last. Nothing but a huge mystery and a bunch of peculiarities. Some wise person has said that life is made up of mistakes and regrets. And under the present condition of things we are almost forced to admit that mankind is a failure from first to last. And it will be so until there is more care taken in regard to parentage of the rising generation. And it is all blamed on his Satanic Majesty. But you will notice that his honor has a better character than he had fifty years ago, when every would-be pulpit orator preached hell fire and brimstone. You could almost hear the brimstone roaring. The fear of hell is the hangman's whip to keep the wicked in order. O how many have tried to explain what they did

not understand and never will understand! How things change! To-day you seldom hear hell or the devil mentioned. Is this not peculiar? How public opinion changes! Just for comparison, for one moment you go back to Bible times and study one who was considered the wisest man who ever lived. Is it necessary to name him? Solomon had one thousand wives, and his name is recorded in Holy Writ as a model. And to-day if we possess the modest number of two wives, our name will be recorded in the register of the Kingston Penitentiary, and we will be stamped as one of the worst of criminals. The Queen of Sheba was somewhat fascinated with Solomon. How things change! We send our missionaries to China and Japan to teach them our method of salvation, and plead with them to adopt our plans, on the one hand; and on the other we place a poll tax of from $500 to $600 on each to prevent them from entering our country to live with us. Is this not just a little peculiar? Consistency, thou art a jewel.

Has civilization, refinement and science improved the state of things in the world? Science has taught mankind how to murder one thousand times faster than it was possible one hundred years ago. Waterloo sinks into insignificance in the art of killing before modern battles.

This world has reached the highest ring in

the ladder of science and culture. And through the so-called German Science and Kultur Europe has been converted into an open hell. The cannibals, if there are any now, are left in the shade as inhuman brutes by the murder of that beautiful character, the Florence Nightingale of today, Edith Cavell. God help them.

This world is a mighty stage. Men and women are the actors. Some are fortunate and others are not What a difference of opinion exists regarding the great issues of the day that have agitated the public mind since the advent of man, and will continue as long as man exists. But there is one great matter upon which we are one and all agreed—that is that we will all die. Death makes no mistakes; he serves all alike, and has no favorites. He claims the king on the throne and the humblest peasant. He called home that mighty monarch, the Mastedon of prehistoric times, that roamed over this earth at his own free will a million years ago, whose weight was twenty tons and lived to the age of one thousand years. He also claims for his very own the little winged beauty that peals forth in silvery tones his morning song from the highest tree top, to be wafted on the morning breeze. And also that little insignificant insect, invisible to the naked eye, that is born and dies in sixty minutes.

One who has reached the half century mark and over, is forcibly impressed by the changes that have taken place through that period of time. When we think of how few of the pioneers are left. They were a great people, chiefly of British and U. E. Loyalist origin. What a sturdy race they were! They knew not the distinction of rank; all alike, entirely free from sham or pretence. Let not ambition mock their useful toils or destiny obscure. The immortal Lincoln said that no man is great who is not humble. The pioneers came to Canada and converted the primeval forest into a blooming garden. This land of the maple, the brightest gem in King George's crown —the strongest spoke in Empire's great wheel. These forebears of ours have nearly all passed away to their reward. Where are those dreamers now? They are sleeping quietly in the little hill-side cemeteries.

Canada, our native land, stretching from the high tides of the boisterous Atlantic on the east, to the peaceful bosom of the Pacific on the west; from James Bay in the far north to the great fresh water lakes in the south; with a climate as salubrious as that of Italy. What a fortunate move that was when the Government of the day, guided chiefly by that wizard of politicians, the late Sir John Macdonald, purchased for a trifle from the Hudson's Bay Co. that great north west

territory, and bound the scattered provinces together with a band of steel from ocean to ocean! God bless the Fathers of Confederation.

Have we such giants of brain power to-day? They have all passed away. The last of that noble band was the late Sir Charles Tupper. Some of us will remember him on that occasion when he met in the town of Oshawa the famous Louis Huntington, who fearlessly blazed forth the charges, some true and some false, in unmistakable terms, that the Government of which he (Sir Charles) was a member, had sold the charter to build the Canadian Pacific Railway to the Allan Steamship Co. He was truly named the Lion of Nova Scotia. Think of Canada to-day, mustering, or trying to, 500,000 men to help to crush the would-be tyrants of the world. Her sons are distinguishing themselves on the field of battle, standing or falling for right. Take your hat off to the boy who goes to the front to protect us and our homes. The two greatest words in the English language are home and mother. Are these not the last that the dying soldier breathes as he closes his eyelids for the last time to all that is near and dear to him in the world.